

THE  
CUBAN  
INFERNO.

Although it was announced some time ago that orders had been issued by command of the Queen Regent for the transfer of Evangelina Cisneros from the vile prison of the Recojidas to a convent nothing has yet been done toward carrying these instructions into effect. On the contrary, Weyler seems more determined than ever to make an example of this girl, whose heroic virtue brought a Spanish Governor to shame. He is pushing the preparations for her conviction, one of the preparations being the subornation of false testimony against her by the release of several prisoners whose perjury is to be the price of their liberty.

A sidelight on Weyler's vindictiveness against Miss Cisneros is furnished by a dispatch from Havana, published in our impartial contemporary, the Herald. According to this account:

The Spanish authorities do not hesitate to show their resentment of the interest displayed by the wives of Americans in the case of Evangelina Cisneros. They have not only absolutely shut off the Cuban maid from all communication with her friends, but they have thrown into the prison for lewd women in Santa Clara five women who dared to prepare a most courteous appeal to General Weyler for the release of Evangelina.

All these ladies, we are told, belong to the best families in Santa Clara. One of them is sixty-five years old, the widow of a former Mayor, and is "respected and beloved." Another is the principal of the best and oldest private college for young women on the island. A third, her sister, aches with her, and the others are cousins of these two. These five women have been imprisoned for two weeks without any definite charge, and with no intimation of the time when, if ever, they are to recover their liberty. They were arrested because they had drawn up and begun to circulate a petition to Weyler in behalf of Miss Cisneros. "Instead of being sent to the city jail," says the Herald correspondent, "they were thrown in the prison for lewd women. Now, the Recojidas in Havana is vile enough as a prison, but in a small town like Santa Clara, where there is no General Lee to cry shame upon the authorities, the filthiness of the surroundings is awful, and the five women immured there are all accustomed to refinement."

The nameless indignities inflicted upon women are in full harmony with the savage character of the entire system of organized devilry which Weyler calls warfare. "War is hell," said Sherman, and the Spanish banditti in Cuba are exerting themselves to prove the accuracy of the definition. General Luque, who recently failed to prevent the capture of the fortified town of Victoria de las Tunas by the patriots, has been furnishing an official account of his more congenial operations against the non-combatants. In his report to Weyler, published by all the Havana papers with the approval of the press censor, General Luque says that at the head of five thousand troops he has "utterly destroyed 1,500 farms in the Province of Santiago de Cuba." The homeless country people were obliged to march with the soldiers, and afterward were herded around Manzanillo as "concentrados."

"Officially only 100 are reported as arriving at Manzanillo. The others, numbering over 2,000, are not mentioned in General Luque's dispatch. News from Cuban sources says that they were shot by the column."

Weyler's customary ferocity has been increased by the disaster of Victoria de las Tunas, and he announces:

"I will convert Cuba into a desert or destroy it all by fire before allowing the triumph of the insurgents. When the last Spanish soldier leaves the island only flames and ashes will be behind him."

The question for us is whether we intend to tolerate this infernal policy when we have the power to stop it in a week.

THE  
VERSAILLES  
LYNCHING.

If the country retained capacity to be shocked by the taking of human life without process of law the news of the lynching of the five alleged burglars at Versailles, Ind., would be received with horror. It is a horrible affair, as revolting as lawless, but lynching is so common that not many will be greatly stirred by it. The farmers of the region, enraged by a succession of robberies, some of them accompanied by torture, and by the law's delay, rose and put to death five men who were confined in the county jail charged with an ordinary burglary of a store. The Governor of Indiana is out with a declaration that the lynchers must be brought to justice, but it will be extraordinary should anything of the kind occur. These executions outside the law are nearly always approved by local sentiment, and grand juries can seldom be got to indict or trial juries to convict the volunteer executioners.

It is easier to inveigh against the frightful prevalence of lynching than it is to prescribe a cure for it. More men are put to death by mobs in the United States every year than die on the scaffold. The percentage of legal executions to killings for the past ten years has been only 2.20. Not all these killings, numbering over 48,000, were deliberate murders, of course, but the grotesque disproportion between the homicides and hangings gives some measure of the responsibility of the administrators of the law for the popularity of lynching.

Where juries and courts do their duty most swiftly and sternly the lyncher is rarest. That fact is eloquent.

THE TRIAL  
OF THE  
SAUSAGE MAKER.

The greswome Luetgert case continued yesterday to furnish additions to the popular stock of knowledge concerning the difference between human bones and those of hogs, sheep and dogs. It was rather indiscreet from a business point of view, provided the defendant expected to remain in the sausage-making line after the conclusion of his trial, to attempt, by the exhibition of canine bones, to convey the impression that the body in the vat might have been that of a dog. The popular distaste for sausage, which has been so marked a feature of life in Chicago since this cause celebre first took the boards, will hardly be dispelled by such means.

If Luetgert killed his wife he did what many other men had done before him. The peculiar horror of the crime attributed to him lies in the method adopted to destroy the evidence—a method which fell very little short of complete success. If a few pieces of bone had not been a little more resistant than others, and if the murderer had not forgotten the elementary chemical fact that alkalis do not dissolve gold, Mrs. Luetgert would have disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving not a trace behind. As it is, the marvellous chain of circumstantial evidence which the State is winding around the accused sausage maker seems to have a sufficiently substantial legal attachment to hold it fast.

This case, hideously repulsive as it is, would afford material in the hand of a master for a great work of fiction. If Mr. Julian Hawthorne's dispatches about it to

the Journal only had the disadvantage of being untrue they would make a book whose power would excite the admiration of the critics.

SENATOR PLATT,  
THE PRESIDENT  
AND MR. LOW.

Senator Platt returned from his visit to President McKinley yesterday afternoon and announced that the die was cast for an independent Republican local ticket. His description of the President's attitude is given by the representative of the Journal who accompanied him to and from Washington in the following paragraph:

"The President is a thorough organization Republican. He has always been one, and is to-day. While, of course, he is not mixing up in local affairs, he is in complete sympathy with the regular Republicans, and is naturally very anxious that a genuine Republican triumph shall be achieved in the coming Mayoralty election."

It is not surprising that President McKinley should be opposed to the indorsement of Mr. Low, who has bitterly denounced the Republican policy of a tariff for protection, nor is it to be wondered at that Mr. Platt declines to surrender the Republican organization to a man nominated by its sworn enemies with the avowed purpose of destroying party influence in municipal affairs.

The natural consequence of Senator Platt's conference with the President was the formal declaration of the Republican County Committee last night in favor of a straight Republican ticket.

At this moment the political outlook for Mr. Low is not encouraging.

STAND BY  
YOUR  
STRAW HAT.

One of the drawbacks of democracy, the political and social philosophers say, is that it tends to eliminate marked individuality and reduce all men to a monotonous level. That there is some truth in this can hardly be denied. Witness in point the deplorable custom which has grown up in New York of placing the popular ban on the straw hat on and after September 15. Every man who loves his country, every man who, believing in democracy but who yet realizes its defects, will hold out against this skase and stand by his straw hat whatever happens, provided it suits his inclination or pocket to wear one. To each citizen in this Republic is given the right to do as he pleases, so long as he does not trench upon the rights of his neighbors or the privileges of the trusts. The wearing of a straw hat obviously offends against nobody's rights, and the decree forbidding its appearance subsequent to September 15 is unsupported by statute law or the principles of equity, and is consequently a mere firman of tyranny. True, civilization is hostile to sameness, and produces as its finest fruit higher variations from the common type. Hence, the man who, in the face of all but universal obloquy, adheres to his straw hat is entitled to the encouragement and esteem of the enlightened, the judicious and the valiant few. And the straw-topped hero is warranted in going far in order to serve his country and maintain his individuality. Of course, unless he be a Wall Street broker, or a dweller on the darkest East Side, he is in no peril of physical violence. If it is his misfortune to be a broker or an East-Sider he can only be urged not to carry a gun and to rely on his yelling power and the police to guard his life and his hat; if living or doing business elsewhere he may derive backing against derisive insult by wearing a thermometer in the band of his straw. The calendar is all very well, but it should be compelled to take a rear seat when it comes into conflict with the temperate. Wear your straw hat, therefore, if September persists in being a Summer month. In that case the revivings of man are to the valorous as naught, since the straw-crowned braves are buoyed by the glorious knowledge that Providence is on their side.

PRESERVING  
BRONX  
PARK.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has come to the rescue of Bronx Park by refusing to approve the scheme of the Botanical Society to disfigure that pleasure ground by laying out a 250-acre botanical garden on plans condemned by the best authorities on landscape art in the country. Mayor Strong made the childish suggestion that Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Sargeant were trying to "hold up" the work in order to prevent New York from surpassing Boston in attractiveness, but the Board decided that the opinion of such experts, especially invited by the Park Commissioners, was worth looking into.

Everybody wants a botanical garden, and there is no serious objection to setting apart all the needed space for it in Bronx Park. But there is very decided objection to laying out the garden with such exclusive regard to scientific convenience as totally to ignore the element of beauty and the rights of those for whose gratification the parks were created. Let us have an artistic botanical garden, in which the people can take pleasure, not merely a scientific plant laboratory.

The report from Paris that the Sultan of Turkey has invited the Princess of Chimay-Caraman to give in his private theatre the performance which was billed but forbidden in the French capital will cheer the hearts of the Armenians and Greeks. His Turkish Majesty is said to have conceived a violent admiration for the former Miss Ward, of Detroit. If that be so, everybody who entertains sentiments of hostility against Abdul Hamid is on the eve of getting even. For an invitation to enter the royal seraglio is bound to follow, and then it will not be a year till the whole harem, under the management of the Princess, will be at Coney Island as a living picture aggregation. The courageous Sultan may think that he has as yet nothing to learn where the fair are concerned, but he has not yet escaped contact with American enterprise.

When Hannis Taylor, the American Minister to Spain, informed the Duke of Tetuan last January that "unless the Spanish Government should confer on Cuba such rights and liberties as would satisfy public sentiment in America before President McKinley assumed the reins of government, nothing would be considered in the United States but the question of absolute political independence for Cuba," he wrote the simple truth. Mr. Taylor was careful to add that in this he spoke for himself and not for his Government. Such a qualification would be unnecessary to-day.

Mr. Carnegie and his agents continue to threaten that a reduction in the price of armor plate will be followed by a corresponding reduction in the contents of his employees' dinner plates.

If John L. Sullivan will turn to his copy of Plutarch he will find these words of soberness and truth: "Abstain from beans; that is, keep out of public offices, for anciently the choice of the officers of state was made by beans."

There is a woful lack of enterprise in a community that is unable to report the discovery of an Andree pigeon.

In case John L. Sullivan is elected Mayor of that town the Boston people can hide themselves and their mortification in their new subway.

President McKinley has improved on the policy of that Pennsylvania Sheriff by simply running away from the unemployed and marching office seekers.

Again is the country informed that the Administration is about to inaugurate the laceration process on Spanish feelings.

Nance O'Neil  
Plays Leah.

THERE was something that never forsook Leah at the Murray Hill Theatre last night. Rudolph, son of Lorenza, gave her up in due course, and left her alone with the centre of the stage. It was the calcium light that never forsook her. It hovered around her; it followed her every movement; it flooded her in a disastrous white effulgence. Like Micawber, it insisted that it never would desert her—and it didn't. We could have dispensed with it readily, for its constant use is a trick. But it was laid on thickly and insistently.

Miss Nance O'Neil was the lady who took this calcium bath. She burst upon us last season and astonished us in a conventional and not particularly exacting melodrama called "True to Life." I saw in her the germs of a successful emotional actress, because she was untutored and natural, yet artistic. To have made a strenuous impression last night, amid the atrocious accessories with which she was surrounded, and in the gloomy, weather-beaten, soggy drama called "Leah the Forsaken," Miss O'Neil would have had to possess something more than the genius of a Bernhardt, the magnetism of a Duse, or the eerie unusualness of Mrs. Fiske.

I still maintain that Nance O'Neil is an extraordinarily clever girl, saturated with promise, but as Leah, I could detect the fatal hand of the tutor. Miss O'Neil is being taught. She is learning tricks. They are telling her to push her hair back when she is in agony, and to hold her face—when she has the toothache, but when she is in mental distress. They are sketching for her a diagram of the centre of the stage; they are filling her unformed mind with all the preposterously wretched "business" of the common or garden star. And it is a great pity. As Leah, Miss O'Neil was once or twice genuinely convincing. She followed the Sarah idea of making the forsaken one a clinging, love-impelled maiden, who might just as well have been a Buddhist or a Free-thinker as a Jewess. But in the "great" scenes—the scenes for which actresses will mortgage their future—Miss O'Neil was declamatory, wooden, and noisy. She used her voice in a lamentable upliftedness, and the calcium light bothered her. It made her blink; it made her remember that she was an actress seeking success. Who could be Leah the forsaken with that abominable blanché glow forever dazzling the eyes and tickling the sensitive nerves?

Miss O'Neil as Leah is of the stage stagey. And it is not her fault, but the fault of those who are directing her career. Moreover, she is not yet ripe for such a role. It is, furthermore, a role that is not worth ripening for. Leah is played out, done into tatters, for the play has no redeeming features, save that it is not an especially long one.

This actress interests me enormously. Her face is, fortunately for her, not pretty, but it is striking and intellectual. Her voice (when it doesn't remind us of a somebody else) has a plaintive and an educated ring that is very agreeable, and if they will leave her alone, she is more suited to the ferocity of Leah's nature. A blond Leah strikes you as a person to whom that fourth act curse would be a dreadful effort. This is a detail, but details count, and in this case it is a very easy one to employ.

I would much sooner see Miss Nance O'Neil as Magda than as Leah. Sarah tried Leah at the Metropolitan Opera House not long ago, but though she electrified us in the fourth act, the rest of the play was so damp with mildew that her experiment will scarcely be remembered. Miss O'Neil is unwise to pursue the role, under the circumstances that were made apparent at the Murray Hill.

The Rudolph of Franklyn Ritchie was a terrific person who looked as though he had graduated from a school of pugilism. And when she talked of his "beautiful concealed face" you felt inclined to titter. Now when Leah is forsaken, the audience should surely be allowed to feel sorry for her. Otherwise a point is missed. At the Murray Hill you felt that she is a remarkably lucky young person to be separated from such a Rudolph. Then the Father Lorenza of Charles Crosby was so weak that nobody wondered when he couldn't stand up. He spoke in a sort of irritating, reasoning vein that alienated from him the slightest serious attention. Miss Annie Leonard, as Madeleine, was certainly well-matched with Rudolph. Miss Leonard copies the vocal effort of Miss O'Neil, but she copies nothing else. J. B. Cooper, as Nathan, the schoolmaster, had I sincerely hope, very few pupils. He mouthed his lines, and was most unhappy. There was not a member of the cast that suggested New York. I am quite aware that "Leah" gave them few opportunities, but this new stock company should try to accomplish the art of permitting its actors to do nothing—nicely.

As for the supers, when they trotted off to Rudolph's wedding they looked like the awkward brigade of a comic opera. If they had tried to be absurd they could scarcely have succeeded better. In fact, a little less coaching for the others would be a good deal more for the others would be distinctly advisable. And let the young woman snub the calcium as much as possible. A calcium man is a very serious person to thwart, but surely her feminine wiles can devise some means of telling him delicately that she loves him but can never be his.

ALAN DALE.

Sporting Item.

(Chicago Daily Globe.)

The people who regard cricket as a quiet, religious sort of game never tried to cross a lawn after night where the wickets had been left standing.

Where They Fall.

(Chicago Daily Globe.)

There are lots of housekeepers who never fall in broad and pie baking who always fall down in an effort to have peaches and cream in the house at the same time.

Bunco Steering  
in New Aspects.



Old Style.

The particular farmer who was deuced the other day had evidently heard of the Klondyke gold deposits, heard of the smaller deposits of the precious metal which may be found in the vicinity of the Cortlandt street ferry, and always on the surface of rectangular pieces of baser metal. But Mr. Chevalier is a wide-awake agriculturist, who knows all about the mining resources of the remote Northwest, and believes that no better investment for his scanty savings can be found than that offered by the beneficent corporation which holds the interest of the agricultural classes so closely to its heart. For this corporation has not only a soul, but a great, warm, generous, throbbing heart.

On arriving in the city Mr. Chevalier encountered a philanthropist, who happened to have an office very near the Grand Central Depot. It is a noteworthy fact, by the way, that people who deal in gold, either in the form of a covering for a rectangular cube or concealed in the bowels of the frozen Alaskan earth, are generally to be found lurking about ferry houses and railroad depots, from which are belched forth every day swarms of trustful, well-to-do strangers, every one of whom possesses some money and is willing to spend it if the right opportunity presents itself. Very much after this fashion do catfish and eels lurk about the mouths of drains and sewers.

The Grand Central philanthropist happened to be too busy on that particular day to transact any business, but he told his visitor to proceed at once to the Cortlandt Street Ferry, another favorite stamping ground for the benevolently inclined, and bade him there search for a man with a handkerchief tied around his wrist, a fashion invariably followed by the Peter Coopers and Moses Montefiores of the present day.

As there were not many of the sons of benevolence abroad when Mr. Chevalier reached the neighborhood of the ferry house, it was not difficult for him to recognize in the elderly person of an old gentleman of noble facial expression the person he was in search of, and when this one exhibited to him nuggets of gold which had been torn from the very ground that he wished to dispose of, the New Jersey farmer firmly believed that the opportunity of his life had come to him at last. If he had any doubts, the old gentleman assured him that they would be swept away by a visit to the County Clerk's office, in which the claim had been recorded. To that public building the two then proceeded, and it was at this point that the most picturesque and novel figure in the whole comedy of city life, or tragedy of country life, whichever we may choose to call it, appeared upon the scene.

It seems scarcely credible that anything new in the way of a scheme or a character should be introduced into the ancient and honored gold brick industry, but nevertheless a new character has been devised, and it appeared before the eyes of the farmer in the person of an elderly man in his shirt sleeves, and carrying in his arms a huge law book bound in calf, on whose pages were written the story of "The Farmers' Yukon Mining Company," and of the

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vast wealth of the mineral deposits. Hitherto bunco enterprises have been grasped by the presence of old gentlemen made up to look like King Lear, who presided over those admirable and absorbing games of chance in which New York's men of wealth find diversion in their leisure hours.

There have also been innumerable Brooklyn Bridge trustees, oily of tongue and sage in counsel, to say nothing of those favorites of fortune who are forever drawing prizes in lotteries and receiving valuable works of art direct from the Paris salon.

All these characters have we known, and some of them are as easily recognized as if they were members of Colonel Waring's "White Squadron," but it was not until last Saturday that the man in his shirt sleeves and with a law book under his arm—a law book bound in calf—materialized on the steps of the Court House and gave a solemn gunnament of the genuineness of what he called "The Claim on the Klondyke Slope."

A man in his shirt sleeves with a calf-bound law book under his arm, standing under the very shadow of the County Court House, where, as we all know, all transactions in Alaska and Northwestern Canada are registered! I welcome this new character to the gay gold-brick life of the town. I can say of him as I could of a great actor like Salvini, that he is "convincing in his art." I firmly believe that the rustic who was wise and wary enough to see through the plating on the bricks offered to him at the Cortlandt street ferry, and to turn away contemptuously from the well-disposed and richly-clad stranger who greeted him on the Brooklyn Bridge, would go down a hopeless, credulous wreck before a man in his shirt sleeves with a calf-bound law book under his arm, who addressed him from the steps of the County Court House.

I firmly believe that the Squire who changed Robert Elsmere's spiritual life was none other than this man with the law book, who has now taken his stand upon the Court House steps. Moreover, I offer my respectful congratulations to those great members of a great profession who have either devised or discovered him.

And while I am on the subject of bunco, I would like to direct the attention of the proprietors of the Peterson Magazine to a piece of it that may interest them. In the September number of that periodical I find the story called "An Old Maid's Song," which bears the signature of R. Page Irving, and is well worth reading. I had a high opinion of this little sketch on the 25th day of April, 1896, when it was published on the editorial page of the Journal under the name of "At the Bartons' Great Reveal," and over the signature of Anne O'Hagen, a charming writer whose work is well known to our readers. I have never heard of Mr. R. Page Irving before this, but I would not care to invite him to my house, because this indication of his good taste leads me to believe that he would distinguish accurately and readily between solid silver and plated ware.

One more paragraph on this important and absorbing topic and I am done. I breakfasted last Sunday at one of our great and popular restaurants, and when I took the bill of fare in my hand my eye fell at once upon a bit of bright-colored paper that was pasted directly across its front page, and bore, under the caption "Special this Day," the names of half a dozen extravagantly priced and unnecessary dishes, such as Alaska watermelon.....\$1.50 Baked North Carolina partridge tongues..... 2.50 Genuine English turbot..... 2.50 From a table behind me came a silvery voice crying merrily, "I never ate any of those partridge tongues, but they must be elegant," followed by a faint masculine objection to their being "out of season," and then I realized that I was in the presence of a little bunco game worthy of a first-class Paris restaurant.

JAMES L. FORD.

A Patriot Twice Over.

(Detroit Evening News.)

Mr. Hanna must be twice as much of a patriot as Grover Cleveland. Anyway he hired two substitutes.

A Hot Tamale for McLean.

(St. Paul Dispatch.)

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Mrs. Oelrichs  
and Her Pluck.

MRS. HERMANN OELRICHS and Miss Virginia Fair receive no great accession to their immense fortunes by the recent decision in their favor of the Judge of a California court. The value of the property involved is only a million and a half of dollars, and what is the significance of a million and a half in an estate of millions so many that they are not readily to be tallied? The official appraisement of the estate of the late Hermann and deceased old miner, James G. Fair, who never gave presents to his daughters,